

PECK'S BAD BOY.

His Pa Finally Scores a Point.

Peck's Son.

"What on earth is that you have got on your upper lip," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in and began to peel a rutabaga, and his upper lip hung down over his teeth and was covered with something that looked like shoemaker's wax. "You look as though you had been digging potatoes with your nose."

"O, that's some of pa's darn smartness. I asked him if he knew anything, that would make a boy's moustache grow, and he told me the best thing he ever tried was tar, and for me to rub it on thick when I went to bed, and wash it off in the morning. I put it on last night, and by gosh I can't wash it off. Pa told me all I had to do was to use a scouring brick, and it would come off, and I used the brick, and it took the skin off, and the tar is there yet, and say, does my lip look very bad?"

The groceryman told him it was the worst looking lip he ever saw, but he could cure it by rubbing a little cayenne pepper in the tar. He said the tar would neutralize the pepper and the pepper would loosen the tar, and act as a cooling lotion on the lacerated lip. The boy went to a can of pepper behind the counter and stuck his finger in and rubbed a lot of it on his lip, and then his hair began to raise, and he began to cry, and rushed to the water-pail and ran his face into the water to wash off the pepper. The groceryman laughed, and when the boy had got the pepper washed off, and had resumed his rutabaga, he said:

"That seals your fate. No man ever trifles with the feelings of the bold buccaneer of the Spanish main, without living to rue it. I will lay for you, old man, and don't you forget it. Pa thought he was smart when he got me to put tar on my lip to bring my moustache out, and to-day he lays on a bed of pain, and to-morrow your turn will come. You will regret that you did not get down on your knees and beg my pardon. You will be sorry you did not prescribe cold cream for my bruised lip, instead of cayenne pepper. Beware, you base, twelve-ounce-to-the-pound huckster, you gimlet-eyed seller of dog sausage, you dandel-sugar idiot, you small potato, three-card monte, sleight-of-hand, rotten-egg fiend; you villain that sells smoked sturgeon and dog-fish for smoked halibut. The avenger is on your track."

The Mining Prospector.

The genus prospector, a man of medium height, a rather lightly, but firmly knit frame, age anywhere between 25 and 35, a fine face, gentle but firm, bronzed with exposure to many a fierce storm, stamped with that unmistakable expression impressed on the features of those who, day after day, stand face to face with danger and death, a face that a girl in distress will turn from with fear and hatred. His first movement betrays the frontiersman. A rapid piercing glance around the park; neither human foe nor edible game being in sight, his next glance is to the sky. Apparently satisfied with the inspection, his first care is to attend to his jack, or "burro" to use the mountain phrase; then, having liberated the burro with a drag on the end of his rope which will effectually prevent his starting from that park, he turns to his fire, blows it into a blaze, puts on his coffee-pot to boil, and then to his toilet. Three inches of comb, two square inches of looking glass, a coarse towel, a piece of yellow soap, a tooth brush and the toilet table is furnished. Now follow him to the dressing-room; a dozen steps down the creek takes him to where a little dam has formed a crystal pool. Down on the moss-covered rocks goes the broad, white hat, the collar of the blue flannel shirt is rolled back disclosing the neck and chest of an athlete. Oh how cold, how refreshing, how invigorating that water is fresh from the snow above. The toilet finished, breakfast is the next consideration. The coffee having boiled is placed on one side to settle, the bacon fried, the batter for a pile of "slap-jacks" beaten by, he fries one of the abominations, throwing it into the air and catching it on the reversed side with the precision of an old timer, and now he plunges into the tent and emerges with "chuck box," or in English, "mess chest," into the inmost recesses of which he dives, and from conglomeration of cartridges, buckskin thongs, steel traps, needles and thread, sailor palm, mineral specimens, three or four letters, a Seaside Library book very torn and dirty, a pair Mexican spurs, odds and ends of strings, ect., produces a small canvas sack of salt, ditto of sugar, half a gallon can of syrup, and breakfast is ready and the table is set. To dispatch the meal takes but a little while. Short as the time is, however, it is not wasted for proves the upturned face, the eager

searching glance, peak after peak is scanned, formation, color noted, until apparently satisfied with the inspection. The meal is finished, plate and cup washed and put away: the morning pipe is lit and smoked while he goes through his pockets to see if his outfit is complete, matches, compass, knife, magnifying glass, all safe. Catching up the burro and picking him on fresh grass finishes the the morning chores and we are ready for the day's work.

SENATOR LINN.

Saved From Death by His Wife's Presentiment.

Philadelphia Times.

"It may not have been fifty years ago," said a gentleman whose years did not seem to warrant the belief that he was in active life much longer than fifty years ago, "and it may have been longer, when Dr. Linn was the colleague of Col Benton in the United States Senate. I was reminded by a chance circumstance only a few days ago of an incident in which he and Mrs. Linn played a part. She, like her husband, was a great favorite for many years in Washington society, and deservedly so—not more on account of her personal attractions than her intellectual qualities. On the occasion when the incident to which I have reference occurred, Senator and Mrs. Linn were to be the guests at a formal dinner by the president at the White House. Early in the evening Dr. Linn, feeling somewhat ill, concluded to remain in his lodgings. Mr. Webster calling at the moment, he was requested to escort Mrs. Linn and convey to the president his regrets at not being able to be one of his guests. At the proper hour Mrs. Linn, escorted by Mr. Webster, was conveyed in her carriage to the White House. The company had not long been seated at the table when Mrs. Linn remarked to Mr. Webster, by whose side she was seated, that she feared she had not done right in leaving the Doctor, and that she felt an inclination, if she could do so without marring the occasion, to return to her hotel. Mr. Webster made some observation designed to dissuade her from departing then, saying that if she felt so disposed she could leave at an earlier hour than the rest of the company."

"O strongly did the impulse grow on her that soon after she made it known to Mr. Webster, and so urgent was she that he did as she requested and quietly made known to the president her wishes. Mr. Webster accompanied her to the carriage and at her request returned to the table. Her instruction to the driver was to proceed rapidly to her home and twice on the way she enjoined him to drive faster. Arriving at the spot, without waiting for the groom to open the carriage door she in the quickest manner opened it herself and sprang to the room where she had left her husband. As she entered she beheld her husband on the bed and the clothing in flames! A moment more would have been too late. Mr. Linn was in a stupor and in some manner, which was never fully explained, the bed-clothes had taken fire. He was ill for a number of days. His life was saved apparently through his wife's presentiment, which I think was as remarkable as any on record. Mrs. Linn related the facts to Mr. Webster, in his presence, on his calling the next morning. His observations after Mrs. Linn had finished the narration of her first impulse to leave the president's table, her struggle to repress it, the growth of the presentiment till it overmastered her, the ride homeward, her anxiety for greater haste, her bursting into the room, her husband's danger and rescue—to which Mr. Webster listened with absorbing attention—were characteristic of the man—solemn and impressive beyond my ability to repeat."

He Thought He Had the Best of the Dog.

An Irishman, passing a butcher's shop, observed some liver for sale. Not knowing what it was, he inquired of the butcher, and said that he would like to buy some, but his old woman knew only how to boil "praties," whereupon the butcher good-naturedly offered to write him a recipe for preparing the savory dish. With this and his purchase dangling conspicuously in his hand, Pat sallied forth in his triumph. He had not proceeded far, however, before a lean and hungry dog which had been prowling around seized the tasty morsel with his jaws, and made off as fast as his legs could carry him. Pat, in no wise disconcerted, turned round with a broad grin on his countenance, and, shaking his fist at the canine thief, who was fast disappearing in the distance, said: "Arrah, ye dirty blackguard, ye're sowl this time! You've got the liver, but you can't cook it, for I've got the reate in me pocket!"

The Safest Way.

The safest and surest way to restore the youthful color of the hair is furnished by Parker's Hair Balm, which is deservedly popular from its superior cleanliness.

A TALK WITH MRS. LANGTRY

She Appears at Buffalo in the "Honeymoon"—Her Devotion to the Stage Increasing—Plans for the Next Season.

N. Y. Tribune.

Mrs. Langtry appeared at the Academy of Music in "The Honeymoon." The receipts at the box-office were only about \$1,000, the business being injured somewhat by the disappointment caused by Mr. Abbey and Mme. Nilsson last week. Before the performance a Tribune correspondent called upon Mrs. Langtry at the Genesee House, where Frederick Gebhardt is also registered. In reply to a question as to her success on the stage Mrs. Langtry said:

"It is quite beyond my most sanguine expectations."
"Then you will continue in the profession?"
"Most assuredly," she said. "Next season I will have a company of my own and make a still more extended tour of the United States. I will continue my studies in Paris during the summer."

"Are you ardently in love with the stage, or is it chiefly the money consideration?"

"Of course it is gratifying to make money. Any one who has been as poor as I have been, knows how to appreciate money, I assure you; but, at the same time, I sincerely love the theatrical profession. In fact, Mr. Schwab [turning to her manager with a roguish smile] says that is the only thing I do not get tired of."

"Do you take any social recreation, or do you meet many American ladies?" Mrs. Langtry was asked.

"I am entirely out of society," she said. "Between the public performances, travelling and studying there is little time for society. Formerly I was entirely devoted to society; now I am entirely devoted to my profession, and the work is quite enough for me. I see many persons that I would like to know, but it would be painful to form a friendship to-day and sever it to-morrow. So I make it a rule to refuse all invitations to lunch and to decline to receive formal calls."

"Then your impressions of American life are not entirely established?"

"Not entirely. I like the country better as I get used to the customs, which were odd to me at first. There seemed to be a roughness or a lack of deference in many with whom I came in contact, but I have found that the people are warm-hearted as well as curt and practical."

Mrs. Langtry complained of the disagreeable weather and said she was troubled with a slight hoarseness. She spoke with regret of the disappointment occasioned the Buffalo people last week by Mr. Abbey and Mme. Nilsson, and added: "I have never disappointed an audience—although at times I have been very ill—and I hope that in this case the sins of the parent will not be visited upon the children of the Langtry party."

Mr. Schwab stated that the season had been very successful. He said that Mrs. Langtry was improving daily as an actress. On Saturday Mrs. Langtry will visit the Falls. Her agent has engaged for her in the Roslyn House, Toronto, the parlors occupied by the Prince of Wales twenty years ago.

How She Saved Her Darling.

"I shall not feel so nervous about baby's teething," writes a grateful mother. "We almost lost our darling from cholera infantum, but happily heard of Parker's Ginger Tonic in time. A few teaspoonfuls soon cured baby, and an occasional dose keeps us in good health."—Brooklyn Mother.

The Romance of a Cow Boy.

"What's a cow boy's principal business?" I queried.

"To watch cattle, cuss and get drunk," was the terse reply; "we have to herd the cattle from place to place wherever the best grazing is afforded, and in winter to keep them moving as protection from freezing. You have no idea what cold we fellows out here have to stand. Once in Montana I started out with a friend of mine to a dance in Blakey's ranch, a couple of hundred miles or so away. It was pretty cold when we started, but along about midnight it began to settle down into a cool kind of forty below zero, sorter way. We didn't mind it much, but kept riding all night to keep the blood in circulation. The night of the second day we got there, as we thought, all right, but when we went to the fire our ears began to crack off, and our feet to thaw out. They had been frozen solid."

"You didn't dance, then?"
"You bet we did—thawed up and had as good a time as any of them. We don't ride two hundred miles to a dance out here for nothing."

"Were you always a cow boy?"

The question seemed to awaken old recollections and tender memories of the past. The man's bronzed and hardened features relaxed, his face

wore a softer expression, his voice was gentler in its reply.

"No, stranger," he said looking down as if in half reverie, "I was once as well turned as you, as smooth in speech, as soft in manners twenty years ago in my old Virginia home as any of you. Why did I leave it! It's a long story, too long to tell. I was just married, my little wife was my darling, my angel, my all to me, and I—fond fool—thought I was loved by her. One day a devilishly handsome man came in between us. My Mary forgot me and I—I killed the man—but, I—n me, what am I going back on that day for? It's all past now and gone. Come, what'll you drink? Give me whiskey straight," and he tossed down a tumbler of the fiery fluid.

"What a wold this is," I thought; "this strong man, for love of a false woman, kills a fellow being, dies his country and becomes an outcast."—Santa Fe Herald.

ALL FRAUDS.

An Old Pugilist Gives Away the Secrets of Knocking Out.

"He's another bloomin' cove lookin' for American dollars," said an old pugilist when a reporter asked him if Mitchell, the newly arrived champion of England, intended to meet Sullivan in the ring. "None of these year chaps has come out lately is lookin' for fight," he continued, "when they wont fight when they haster. They run away and wait for their man and down him with a pop—a pistol is what I mean—a lot of blokes who has as much fight in 'em as the felleras was downed. They club together and get him a rosewood box, and a hearse with four white horses, and wear mourning badges, and have a bloomin' big wake and bury him with honor. Why, it makes me tired to think on it. This thing is what is called by the tony chaps a new hero in pugilism; well I guess so too, but it ain't no good. All these knocking out rackets is folks. Will I have su'thin'? Well, I will, but this yer rum has brought many

A GOOD MAN

to his end, but, as I was saying it won't spile any more, for the days of good ring fighters are gone. Oh, you want to know something about these knockin'-out matches, eh? Well, I'll tell you, but it's hardly fair, though I guess it's time the public quit givin' up a dollar to see a couple of felleras puttin' up their dukes no more than twelve minutes. This thing was started last year when Tug Wilson came over here to have a go with Sullivan. Well, that was on the night of July 17, I think, an awful hot 'un, too, and the Garden was packed. The papers said as how there was more'n 12,000 people in the place and some of 'em had paid as much as \$5 to get inside and swelter while Sullivan and 'Tug' hammered each other. Now, the fact is Tug was knocked out, for he laid on the floor once for nearly half a minute before the fight was given him in the end. But he was there at the end of four rounds and the pair divided some \$20,000. Well yer see that is a big sum for a fighter, and Billy Madden is a smart man, and it was him as did all the fine work of gittin' the crowd there. Oh, he's smart, is Billy. Well, yer see when Sullivan seen that he lost the fight he got mad at Billy Madden because Billy had paid more attention to the sale of tickets than to him, and then there was a kick, and the big duffer split from his manager, you know, like the opera folks do. Then Billy probably told him—yer mind as how I says 'probably'—as how he would go to England and get a bloke as would

KNOCK HIM OUT.

and then parted as strangers—do you see? Well, while Madden was in England another man got it into his nut as how there was big money in the bizness, and he imported Tom Allen, who onct was pretty good, but who, lately, is good for nothing. He was heralded by the announcement that he would meet Sullivan in the twenty-four-foot squared circle for \$2,500 a side, and a great many other things as weren't all as true as gospel. Well, the Allen fake didn't pan out, as when his backer saw what a puffy old man he had grown to be he didn't want any part of it. Why, it's n actual fact that one night at the Garden, at his benefit, he wound up with George Rooke, who knocked him down twice, and then they had on gloves as big as pillows. Well, Tom went west. Then the same feller what brought out Tom sent to the bush of Australia for a half-breed Maori or whatever he is, and before seein' him, said he would be

BACKED FOR \$2,500
agin Sullivan. Well, Slade, who is a big enough feller, arrived here with Jem Mace, and the newspapers made a big card of them, and told all their movements as though they were looking for a fight, while, as the people

who are on the inside knew, two oxen and a log chain wouldn't drag the Maori to Sullivan or Sullivan to the Maori. Well, then the next feller to arrive is this Mitchell, who, after winning the companionship of England, because he had pillow-cases on his hands and nobody worth speaking of to lick, is brought across the herring pond to make money. The first thing now is for Mitchell to issue a challenge, sayin' as how he would like to meet Slade, Sullivan, Jem Mace, Joe Goss or Tom Allen for \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side. Of course they all know what that means and fail to reply. Next thing is to get up a mammoth entertainment in the Garden, where Mitchell will offer any man in the world \$500 to wind up with him in four rounds."

The reporter thought he saw the point and he bade the pugilist goodbye.

An American Beauty.

New York Special.

Miss Jennie Chamberlain—or Chamberlayne, as she now prefers to spell her name—will not return to this country, as has been reported, this spring. Mrs. Chamberlain has taken a furnished Belgravia mansion for the London season, and her fair daughter will probably be as great a belle in the court circle as she was last year. It is said that his royal highness of Wales has already selected a suitable gaurdian for this transplanted western flower, and that before the end of the season it will be her own fault if she is not eligibly and satisfactorily mated. American girls, however, are not always ready to be dictated to in matters of love and marriage, and it is possible that the Prince's candidate may share the fate of two other English gentlemen of fortune and position, the honor of whose alliance Miss Chamberlain has already declined.

Another Eden.

In paying out wages to his workmen a manufacturer in Marseilles, Ill., privately marked \$700 in bills. Within three weeks \$344 of this money was deposited in the local bank by saloon keepers. That is the maelstrom that is sucking up the hard earned gains of our working men and gapping the very foundations of domestic comfort and woman's peace.



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER ACUTE PAINS AND AFFECTIONS.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a Bottle. Directions in 18 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Popular Illustrated Book (200 pages) MANHOOD! WOMANHOOD! MARRIAGE! Impediments to Marriage; the cause and cure. Sent *freely* by mail, postpaid, for 5 cents, by Dr. C. WHITTIER, 517 S. Charles Street, St. Louis, Mo., the great

Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster.
—AWARDED—
6
—MEDALS—
The Best Known Remedy for Backache or Lame Back. Rheumatism or Lame Joints. Cramps or Sprains. Neuralgia or Kidney Diseases. Lumbago, Severe Aches or Pains. Female Weakness. Are Superior to all other Plasters. Are Superior to Pads. Are Superior to Liniments. Are Superior to Ointments or Salves. Are Superior to Electricity or Galvanism. Act Instantly. They Strengthen. They Soothe. They Relieve Pain at Once. They Positively Cure.

CAUTION. Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster has been imitated. To avoid this, not allow your druggist to palm off some other plaster having a similar sound name. See that the word is spelled CAP-CINE. Price 25 cts. **SEABURY & JOHNSON,** Manufacturing Chemists, New York. **MURRE REMOY AT LAST.** Price 25 cts. A HEAD'S MEDICATED CORN AND BUNION PLASTER.

The Public is requested carefully to notice the new and enlarged scheme to be drawn Monthly.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$75,000. Tickets only \$5. Shares in proportion.

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for the monthly and semi-annual drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and to good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

L. J. Mangood
J. E. Emly
Commissioners.

Incorporated in 1888 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of \$1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of \$550,000 has since been added.
By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D. 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never closes or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.
A SPECTACULAR OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. Fourth GRAND DRAWING, CLASSED AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1883—154th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$75,000.
100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportions.

List of Prizes.	
1 CAPITAL PRIZE.....	\$75,000
1 do do.....	25,000
1 do do.....	10,000
2 PRIZES OF \$6000.....	12,000
5 do do.....	10,000
10 do do.....	10,000
20 do do.....	10,000
100 do do.....	20,000
300 do do.....	30,000
500 do do.....	35,000
1000 do do.....	25,000
Approximation Prizes.	
9 Approximation prizes of \$750.....	\$6,750
9 do do.....	4,500
9 do do.....	2,500

1887 Prizes, amounting to.....\$285,500
Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. Send orders by Express, Registered Letter, Money Order, addressed only to

M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

M. A. DAUPHIN, 607 Seventh street, Washington, D. C.
N. B.—In the Extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawing June the Capital Prize will be \$150,000.

\$30 000 FOR \$2
—54th—

Popular Monthly Drawing OF THE

COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO.

In the City of Louisville, on

SATURDAY, MARCH 31st, 1883

These drawings occur

On the last day of each month (Sundays excepted). Repeated adjudication by Federal and State Courts have placed this company beyond the controversy of the law. To this company belongs the sole honor of having inaugurated the only plan by which their drawings are proven honest and fair beyond question.

N. B.—The company has now on hand a large capital and reserve fund. Read carefully the list of prizes for the

MARCH DRAWING.	
1 Prize.....\$30 000	100 Prizes.....\$100 000
1 Prize.....10 000	200 Prizes.....50 000
1 Prize.....5 000	500 Prizes.....20 000
10 Prizes.....\$1 000	1000 Prizes.....10 000
20 Prizes.....500 00	10 000 Prizes.....1 000 00
9 Prizes.....\$300 each, approximation prize.....\$2,700	
9 Prizes.....200 00	
9 Prizes.....100 00	

1,960 Prizes, \$27 1/2 cents, Half ticket, \$1. Whole ticket, \$2. Tickets, \$50. 55 tickets, \$100.

Remit money or bank draft in letter, or send by express. Don't send by registered letter or post-office order. Orders of \$5 and upwards, by express, can be made payable to order of the company. Address all orders to R. M. BOARDMAN, Courier-Journal building, Louisville, Ky.

Health is Wealth!
DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dimness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death. Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Emissions and Spermatism caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. **WE GUARANTEE MIX BOXES.** To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to effect a cure. The money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

Aug. Frischmann, Druggist, Sedalia, Mo.

\$10 SUCCESS ASSURED. Our well-tried plan of specializing in Gravel, Rheumatism, etc., secured to the moderate investor all the advantage and protection of the very largest operator. Send 4 for our past year, with particulars, free. **CUDWORTH & CO.,** 89 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE 63 UNUSUAL ARTICLES, a beautiful Florida Cruise Book, 50c x 2 1/2, and an Illustrated Book, to all who send two stamps for the purpose of receiving them. Send them to **L. & S. HUNT & CO., NEW YORK.**

ALYON & HEALY
State & Monroe Sts., Chicago.
Will send you by mail the **BAND CATALOGUE**, for 1883, the new and complete list of instruments, Surgical Appliances, Trusses, Splints, Cap-Lamps, etc., for the purpose of receiving them. Send them to **L. & S. HUNT & CO., NEW YORK.**